

CD 2011--77

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

2011-12 SEASON

Thursday, October 6, 2011
12:10 pm. Walter Hall

THURSDAYS AT NOON
Music and Poetry

Monica Whicher, soprano
Che Anne Loewen, piano
Eric Domville, speaker

PROGRAM

1. Talk

Seven Early Songs (1907)

2. Nacht (Carl Hauptmann)
3. Schilffied (Nikolaus Lenau)
4. Die Nachtigall (Theodor Storm)
5. Traumgekrönt (Rainer Maria Rilke)
6. Im Zimmer (Johannes Schlaf)
7. Liebesode (Otto Erich Hartleben)
8. Sommertage (Paul Hohenberg)

Alban Berg
1885-1935

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Next on Thursdays at Noon

October 13

Dukas the Sorcerer

L'Apprenti Sorcier - Its magical powers were known far and wide long before Mickey's misadventure. Faculty pianist John Kruspe reveals some of the composer's secrets, with video clips and live performance of Dukas's score.

BIOGRAPHIES

Style and musical elegance combined with an intuitive theatrical sense are the hallmarks of soprano **Monica Whicher**'s performances on the concert and opera stage. The 2010-11 season included her debut with Houston's Mercury Baroque as Asprano in Vivaldi's *Montezuma* (the North American premiere), the launch of the Naxos release "Lullabies and Carols for Christmas" with world-renowned harpist Judy Loman as well as CDs featuring the art songs of Mykola Lysenko and Yakiv Stepovyi (produced by the Ukrainian Art Song Project) and Handel's *Silete Venti* under the baton of Maestro Harry Bicket with the Bach Consort. Following many appearances at summer festivals, the varied aspects of her artistry are reflected in recent performances including Strauss' *Vier Letzte Lieder* with the Toronto Symphony, *Elijah* with the Calgary Philharmonic, the title role in *Thais* for Pacific Opera Victoria, and Bach's *Weihnachtsoratorium* with the National Arts Centre Orchestra. Further performance credits include appearances with orchestras, opera companies and at festivals across Canada and in the United States, Mexico, Spain, Germany, the United Kingdom and Korea, with conductors including Helmuth Rilling, Peter Oundjian, Jukka-Pekka Saraste, Franz Paul Decker, Stuart Bedford, Yannick Nézet-Séguin, Duane Wolff, Trevor Pinnock, Hervé Niquet, Andrew Parrott and Timothy Vernon. Winner of the George London Award, Ms. Whicher has been nominated for a Juno Award for "Singing Somers Theatre" (Centrediscs) as well as two Dora Mavor Moore awards. She was lavishly praised for her Naxos recording of *Castor et Pollux* with Opera in Concert and her critically acclaimed portrayal of Mérope can be seen on the EuroArts/Naxos DVD of Lully's *Persée*.

Che Anne Loewen, originally from Steinbach, Manitoba, is a collaborative pianist of breadth and authority. She has performed throughout Canada and in Europe with many singers and instrumentalists, including Jean Stilwell, Catherine Robbin, Gary Relyea, and Measha Brueggergosman. She has been heard many times over the CBC and has been praised in the press for her brilliant support (*The Globe and Mail*), truly exquisite articulation (*Fredericton Daily Gleaner*) and her subtlety and nuance (*Halifax Chronicle-Herald*). Ms. Loewen has served on the boards of Queen of Puddings Music Theatre Co. and Consort Caritatis, and currently is a director on the board of the Aldeburgh Connection and sits on the Dean's Committee in the Faculty of Music at the University of Toronto. She has received the Arbor Award for her outstanding service to the University where she founded the Greta Kraus Scholarship and spearheaded the Lois Marshal Chair in Voice Studies. Ms. Loewen's first love is the art song repertoire, and she relishes her opportunities to pass this music on to her students at the University of Toronto where, as an Adjunct Associate Professor, she coaches singers and teaches Piano-Vocal Masterclasses and Lyric Diction. She has also been a guest instructor in Canada at the Banff Centre's School of Fine Arts, the Elora Festival, Newfoundland's Memorial University, for the National Association of Teachers of Singing, and in Germany at the Musikakademie of the Prinzregententheater in Munich.

Eric Domville is a Professor Emeritus of English at the University of Toronto. His main scholarly interest is the life and works of W. B. Yeats. He is also a writer, lecturer and broadcaster on opera. He has taught several courses in song and opera repertoire at the Faculty of Music. Prof. Domville has appeared numerous times as a commentator for the Music and Poetry series.

SIEBEN FRÜHE LIEDER (SEVEN EARLY SONGS)

1. Nacht

Carl Hauptmann (1858-1921)

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal,
Nebel schweben, Wasser rauschen sacht.
Nun entschleiert sich's mit einemmal:
O gib Acht! Gib Acht!
Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan.
Silbern ragen Berge, traumhaft groß,
Stille Pfade silberlicht talen
Aus verborg'nem Schoß;
Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft rein.
Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht
Schattenschwarz, ein Hauch vom fernen
Hain einsam leise weht.
Und aus tiefen Grundes Dürsterheit
Blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.
Trinke Seele! Trinke Einsamkeit!
O gib Acht! Gib Acht!

1. Night

Clouds gather over the night and valley;
mists float above, the water ripples gently.
Now all at once the veil is lifted:
O look! O look!
A broad land of wonder is opened up.
Silver mountains rise, fantastically huge,
silent paths, in between, lit with silver
from the hidden lap of the earth;
and the noble world, so dreamily pure.
A mute beech stands by the path,
black shadow, a breath from a distant,
lonely grove alone wafts by gently.
And from the deep darkness of the ground
lights twinkle in the silent night.
Drink, my soul! Drink in this solitude!
O look! O look!

2. Schilffied

Nikolaus Lenau (1802-1850)

Auf geheimem Waldespfade
Schleich' ich gern im Abendschein
An das öde Schilfgestade,
Mädchen, und gedenke dein!

Wenn sich dann der Busch verdüstert,
Rauscht das Rohr geheimnisvoll,
Und es klaget und es flüstert,
Daß ich weinen, weinen soll.

Und ich mein', ich höre wehen
Leise deiner Stimme Klang,
Und im Weiher untergehen
Deinen lieblichen Gesang.

2. Song amid the reeds

Translation © by Emily Ezust

Along a secret forest path
I like to creep in the evening light;
I go to the desolate, reedy banks,
and think, my maiden, of you!

As the bushes grow dark,
the reeds hiss mysteriously,
and lament and whisper,
and thus I have to weep and weep.

And I think that I hear wafting
the gentle sound of your voice,
and down into the pond sinks
your lovely song.

3. Die Nachtigall

Theodor Storm (1817-1888)

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut,
Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen,
Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut
Und duldet still der Sonne Glut
Und weiß nicht, was beginnen.

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

3. The nightingale

It happens because the nightingale
Has sung the whole night long;
It is from its sweet call,
from the echoing and re-echoing,
the roses have sprung up.

She was once a madcap,
now she walks deep in thought,
carries her summer hat in her hand,
and quietly endures the heat of the sun,
not knowing what to begin.

It happens because the nightingale
Has sung the whole night long;
It is from its sweet call,
from the echoing and re-echoing,
the roses have sprung up.

4. Traumgekrönt

Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926)

Das war der Tag der weißen Chrysanthemem,
Mir bangte fast vor seiner Pracht...
Und dann, dann kamst du mir die Seele nehmen
Tief in der Nacht.
Mir war so bang, und du kamst lieb und leise,
Ich hatte grad im Traum an dich gedacht.
Du kamst, und leis' wie eine Märchenweise
Erklang die Nacht.

4. Crowned in a dream

Translation © by Knut W. Barde

That was the day of the white chrysanthemums,
I was almost intimidated by its glory...
And then, then you came to take my soul
deep in the night.
I was so worried, and you came so lovingly and quietly,
I had just thought of you in a dream.
You came, and softly the night resounded
like a fairy tale song.

5. Im Zimmer

Johannes Schlaf (1862-1941)

Herbstsonnenschein.
Der liebe Abend blickt so still herein.
Ein Feuerlein rot
Knistert im Ofenloch und loht.
So, mein Kopf auf deinen Knie'n,
So ist mir gut.
Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht,
Wie leise die Minuten zieh'n.

6. Liebesode

Otto Erich Hartleben (1864-1905)

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein,
Am offenen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind,
Und unsrer Atemzüge Frieden trug er
hinaus in die helle Mondnacht.
Und aus dem Garten tastete zagend sich
ein Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett
Und gab uns wundervolle Träume,
Träume des Rausches, so reich an Sehnsucht.

7. Sommertage

Paul Hohenberg

Nun ziehen Tage über die Welt,
Gesandt aus blauer Ewigkeit,
Im Sommerwind verweht die Zeit.
Nun windet nächtens der Herr
Sternenkränze mit seliger Hand
Über Wander- und Wunderland.
O Herz, was kann in diesen Tagen
Dein hellstes Wanderlied denn sagen
Von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust:
Im Wiesensang verstummt die Brust,
Nun schweigt das Wort, wo Bild um Bild
Zu dir zieht und dich ganz erfüllt.

5. In the chamber

Translation © by Emily Ezust

Autumn sunlight.
The lovely evening peers so quietly in.
A little red fire
crackles in the stove and flares up.
And with my head upon your knee,
I am contented.
When my eyes rest in yours,
how gently do the minutes pass!

6. Ode to Love

Translation © by Emily Ezust

In the arms of love we fell blissfully asleep;
at the open window the summer wind listened
and carried the peacefulness of our breath
out into the bright, moonlit night.
And out of the garden, feeling its way randomly,
the scent of roses came to our bed of love
and gave us wonderful dreams,
dreams of intoxication, rich with yearning.

7. Summer days

Translation © by Emily Ezust

Now the days drag through the world,
sent forth from blue eternity;
time dissipates in the summer wind.
Now at night the Lord weaves
with blessed hand wreaths of stars
above the wandering wonderland.
In these days, o my heart, what can
your brightest wanderer's song then say
about your deep, deep pleasure?
In meadowsong the heart falls silent;
now there are no words, and image upon image
visits you and fills you entirely.